



She was the one



66 4 3

Chapter 1 by Danny Rerucha

The air was hot and stale as I entered the cabin. The buzzing of crickets echoed through the campsite. I could hear the crackling fire I had momentarily left behind. I took a quick glance around the cabin. I studied every detail carefully, and since then each one of these details has been permanently etched in my mind. I remember the picture hanging over the large room's single table, filled with the many plants of Wyoming. I remember the Mancala game board resting on the floor, the colored stones strewn across the carpet. I remember the chess board lying under the chair near one of the windows, the chess pieces hidden away, tired after countless games the night before. I remember the writing on the walls. Memories sealed within the wood. I remember her standing near the refrigerator, her features clouded by the light coming in through the window behind her.

Chapter 2 by Windlion



The fire is getting closer, she whispered, isn't it

Yes

We need to leave

How?

She straightened and looked at me, her eyes full of despair. I can teleport you back to Casper before I leave, or I can take you with me back to my world

I start to reply but she says wait, wait, you need to understand, either way, what we have shared is over. If you go back to my world...

at the doomed sheep...

A... pet? I didn't have anything to say. What could I say? Baaah?

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She is crying, so you cry also. You ... I ... I don't want to take you back. You won't like it, and after a while, I won't like you.

I stared at her, my rage chasing horror chasing despair. You won't ... *like* me?

So I will take you back to Casper

No!

No?

Leave me here. With my sheep. Leave us to the fire. Go!

Chapter 3 by Windlion



I brought the sheep and the dogs into the cabin after she left, and huddled there waiting for death.

But I didn't die. A freak windstorm took it down the hill, away from the cabin. *Glad she cared that much about sheep, at least*, I think.

The next morning, I shut everything down, called the dogs, and herded the sheep downhill. It was a month too early, but my guess was that the owner would be happy to see anyone alive, even if it cost him a little more in feed.

He saved the cost by letting me go without pay. "Sorry, boy. Glad to see you made it down the hill, but I've got a farm to run."

So I stole some food from the kitchen and headed down the road toward Casper.

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